



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

heard that those who call themselves Christians are in the habit of carrying their arms over all the world; and the Chinese are fearful lest they should be laid prostrate at their feet. The same apprehension inclines them to resist the introduction of the gospel. They imagine that the gospel is intimately associated with war. I should astonish them, if I were to tell them that, in the capital of England, I had attended a society for the promotion of permanent and universal peace. They would allege that it is opposed to all the conduct of Europeans, with which they are acquainted. Six Japanese, who had been shipwrecked, were sent in a vessel from Macao to Canton, without a single weapon of war on board. The vessel was unable to obtain an entrance at any Japanese port. The inhabitants could not believe that Europeans had any other idea than that of war.

The report states that Mr. Williams has been furnished with a supply of tracts from this Society; and I trust that I shall not be deemed unworthy of receiving a supply, which I shall be able to translate into a language spoken by the inhabitants of a third part of the globe. I have in my missionary tours along the coast of China, had many proofs of the justice of the principles advocated by this Society. I have proceeded unarmed, but Providence has preserved me."

A warrior's testimony.—"I have," said Lieut. HANLEY, late of the royal navy, "been born and bred in war. I was only thirteen years of age when I was in the first engagement. I was perfectly unconscious at that time that I was doing wrong. I stood near thirteen men stationed at a gun, and have a perfect recollection of their conversation. They inquired of each other what could be the object in firing on their opponents, for they had never received injury from them.

I was at the siege of Copenhagen; and after it was taken, I went over the ruins. I found every place destroyed, with the exception of a single house, which had not sustained the least injury, though it was surrounded by ruins. On inquiring the cause, I was informed it was inhabited by a numerous family; that the master had suffered no one to leave it, but, during the six days' bombardment, had been engaged in prayer." The speaker then related several anecdotes, illustrative of the demoralizing effects of war; and observed that "since the time of Henry IV, the subject of war had never been mooted in the House of Lords, without every *bishop* (!) voting in its favor, with the exception of one. The Almighty had always had one to say, 'No.'"

WAR AND THE SOCIAL AFFECTIONS.

THE MANIAC MOTHER.—A gentleman and lady, accompanied by their daughter five or six years old, went to visit the lunatic hospital at Saumur, says a late European journal; and, when passing one of the cells, the wretched inmate, an interesting young woman of twenty-five that had entirely lost her reason through the desertion

of a seducer, and the death of her illegitimate offspring, made a spring at the little girl who had come within her reach. The poor creature, in the height of her delirium, fancied the stranger's child her own long-lost darling; and, devouring it with kisses, she bore it in triumph to the farther end of her cell. Every effort was tried to make her restore the child to its terrified mother; but entreaties and menaces proved alike unavailing. The director of the establishment was sent for; and the maniac, at his suggestion, was allowed to retain peaceable possession of her prize, in the hope that, exhausted by her own violence, she would soon fall asleep, when the child might be liberated from her grasp without the necessity of harsh means. This expedient was successful; for in a few minutes the poor sufferer's eyes closed in slumber, and one of the keepers, watching the opportunity, snatched the child from her arms. The shriek of delight uttered by the mother on recovering her treasure, waked the poor maniac; and, on perceiving the child gone, she actually howled with despair, and, in a paroxysm of frenzy, fell—to rise no more. Death had released her from her sufferings.

Here was not a victim of war; but this custom tends to multiply cases of suffering very similar. Women, on being forced to part with lovers, husbands, sons, have often taken their own life in a frenzy of grief and despair, or fallen eventual victims to delirium, or some lingering disease that gnawed with fatal tooth on their vitals. We subjoin an instance which looks a little like romance; but we have reason to believe the tale substantially true, and know it to be very like what often occurs in the progress of every war.

THE SERGEANT'S WIFE.*—It was night. The soldiers in both the hostile armies were hushed in quiet slumbers, and no sound was heard, save the sentinel's measured tread, and occasional cry, *All's well*. A muffled form approached. "Who comes there?" demanded the sentinel. "A friend," answered a timid voice softly. "Advance," said the sentinel, "and give the parole." The same soft and timid voice said, "Love." "Love?" replied the sentinel, "Love is *not* the parole; you cannot pass; it would be more than my life is worth to let you pass." "Indeed!" exclaimed the stranger, "it's cruel not to let a *sergeant's wife* pass to take perhaps a last farewell of her husband. I beseech you, Sir, let me pass. The battle, you know, is expected to-morrow; it *may* be the last night I can ever spend in my husband's company; and I have travelled forty miles to see him." "No more. I can't let you pass." "Nay, Sir, but hear me one moment. Have *you* a wife that loves you with all her heart? If she should leave her babes, and walk forty miles just to see you the night before a battle, and ——." "Pass, friend—all's well."

Follow that fond, devoted heart to her husband's pillow on the cold ground. He starts to find her there, but presses her tenderly to his bosom, and inquires anxiously for the little ones she has left behind. They talk of the few fleeting years they had spent together

* From the Sabbath School Visiter, for which it was originally furnished by the writer of this article.

in wedded love, before war had dragged him from his home; and the wife weeps bitterly, as she thinks of the morrow. The hours of night steal hastily away. The dawn forces Laura to bid her husband farewell; and, as she retires with his fondest messages for the little ones at home, the signal is given for the soldiers to prepare for battle.

It was, indeed, her last farewell. She withdrew, but lingered near the scene, and watched from a neighboring hill every movement of the two armies, till the battle ceased, and all was quiet once more. The shades of night hang in gloom over the battle-ground, and forbid all search for the wounded, the dying, or the dead. Morn approaches; and, with its earliest dawn, Laura, with a throbbing heart, wanders over that field of slaughter, to see if she can discover the father of her babes among the slain. Alas, it is too true! There he lies, all covered with gore. She sinks upon his bosom in a swoon, and rises no more!

ILLUSTRATIONS OF WAR.

NAPOLEON; or the way to cherish the war spirit.—It is credibly reported, that Marshal Soult has visited England for the purpose of obtaining permission to remove the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena, and has succeeded, with the aid of Lord Wellington, in accomplishing his object. Prince de Joinville will proceed to St. Helena in command of a frigate, with a soldier from every regiment in France, and take the emperor's remains to Paris, where they are to be deposited in the Place Vendome, with *solemn religious services!* at which the Duke of Wellington will be invited to be present.

Strange and shameful prostitution of Christianity! The religion of peace, whose very name Napoleon held in contempt, and whose peculiar principles he trampled in the dust, must now do homage at the tomb of a villain, whose robberies laid empires waste, whose butcheries drenched a continent in blood! And this murderer of five millions is to be canonized as a sort of political saint, or set up as a military god for France and the world to worship! What an idol for *Christendom!* What a model for her future sons! What an object for professed followers of the Prince of Peace to imitate or admire!

MEDALS IN HONOR OF NAPOLEON.—A very beautiful work was not long ago published in this country, comprising a series of all the medals struck in France, Italy, Germany, and Great Britain, to commemorate the principal events of Napoleon's reign from the commencement of the empire in 1804 to its close in 1815, and forming a medallic history of his whole career as emperor of the French and king of Italy. It was illustrated with no less than 1200 fac-similes of the medals, engraved in imitation of basso-relievo, with historical notices to each medal.

BUSTS AND PORTRAITS OF NAPOLEON.—These are similar methods of doing honor to a man who *ought* to be held in deepest abhorrence